

Call me baby (I'll be on the way)

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Call me baby (I'll be on the way)

by [lumosatnight](#)

Summary

“Hey guys, thanks for coming tonight. Really appreciate it. Snaps all around. So, as you all know, Neville’s been having a rough time lately. Blaise still hasn’t shown him his soulmark, and there’s been how many opportunities now? — Right, right. Exactly, Hermione. That’s what *I* said! — So, here’s the deal. Since Neville can’t seem to do it himself, we’re gonna help him. — No, Ron, we cannot just vanish all of Blaise’s clothes. — I have a plan.”

Or, Neville *still* hasn’t seen his fuck buddy’s soulmark, he’s starting to catch feelings, and it’s becoming a bit of a problem.

Notes

This story is 50% crack, 50% fluff, 100% ridiculousness, and a smidgeon of smut. I had a lot of fun exploring this rare pair. Rin, I stalked your AO3 profile and found this delicious pairing. Bleville, Nevaise, Zabottom, Longini... whatever you call this pairing, I hope you enjoy reading this fun little story! Thank you for running this amazing fest 💖. Blaise’s character is inspired by Lil Nas X, as is the title by the song [MONTERO \(Call Me By Your Name\)](#).

Thank you [crazybutgood](#) for the beta! You are a star for putting up with me 🍷

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)



It was three months into their *arrangement*, and Neville still hadn't seen Blaise's soulmark.

Granted, this wouldn't normally be a problem. You weren't required to be with your soulmate, not anymore, at least. The concept of soulmates and soulmarks was so outdated now.

People wanted to *choose* who they fell in love with. People wanted to *choose* who broke their heart.

Call Neville old-fashioned maybe, but he thought it would be terribly romantic to fall in love with his soulmate. With this in mind, he was always very careful with the people he dated: usually never serious, more commonly not extending past a carefree tumble in the sheets.

But something had changed. More specifically, *someone* had changed.

Blaise Zabini was his name, and he was currently making Neville lose his goddamn mind.

"Blaise, you gotta — I'm gonna —"

Blaise pulled off Neville's cock with a soft pop and looked up at Neville, his long black lashes fluttering. "Come for me, baby. Show me how much you want me," he murmured, his voice a low rumble.

Neville hated when he did that, looked up at Neville with that wicked glint in his eyes, that devastatingly attractive smirk on his lips. Neville hated it because it was completely and unequivocally unfair for Blaise to be so stunningly attractive when he did it. And, whenever Blaise looked at him like that, Neville always came in under five seconds flat.

This was why Neville often had to close his eyes when Blaise decided to go down on him.

Blaise wiped a salacious tongue over those devastating lips — they were tinted a shimmering green today — and Neville came with a shudder. He tried to aim away from Blaise's face, but Blaise grabbed his hips, forcing him to stay the course. "Fuck, I *nnghh* —" Neville watched the white fluid land on Blaise's long eyelashes and trail down his cheek.

He was an absolute vision. Neville could do this a hundred times and never get tired of the sight.

When he was done, Neville slumped against the wall, letting his head loll to the side. Blaise carefully tucked him back into his pants and fussed with his shirt until he looked presentable again.

"Thanks," said Neville, coming back to himself and straightening up. "Did you want me to...?"

"There's no need." Blaise grinned.

“Right,” said Neville. “If you’re sure, then...”

“Perfectly.” Blaise licked his lips, wiping away the last of Neville’s cum.

Neville swallowed loudly. “Right... Erm, we should get back to... Right, yeah.”

Blaise swept a hand to the side, allowing Neville to exit the bathroom first. “After you.”

They reentered Hermione and Millicent’s housewarming party a strategic five minutes apart. Even still, Ginny sent Neville an exaggerated wink from across the room. Neville blushed and pretended he was an immobile piece of furniture for the rest of the evening.



“I have a plan,” Ginny said, hands on her hips as she stood on one of Neville’s coffee tables in the middle of their congregated circle.

“Ginny, I really don’t think I need —”

Ginny shushed him by smashing a finger to his lips. “Not another word out of you. Let’s hear what the experts have to say.” She nodded at Draco for him to continue one of his long-winded monologues about the importance of second chances and spiritual awareness and *blah blah blah*.

They’d heard it all before. Ever since his stint in Japan, he’d been all about reflective meditation and being one with his inner desires. Ron and Harry, usually very attentive boyfriends and capable of countering Draco’s foul moods, were absolutely no help in restraining him on this topic.

“I think,” Draco began, and the room collectively groaned, “if Neville only took a moment to reflect on the reason *why* he feels the need to find his soulmate, he would realise —”

Astoria’s hand shot into the air.

Ginny gave her girlfriend a fond smile. “Yes, Tori, love?”

“Can’t Neville just ask him?”

“I don’t think it worked,” Luna chimed in in their dreamy voice. “Isn’t that right, Neville?”

“Err, right,” said Neville.

“Ask him again,” said Theo. He hadn’t even looked up from the complicated fishtail braid he was making in Luna’s hair.

Neville rubbed the back of his neck. “Yeah, I don’t know if that’s going to work.”

“It might,” said Hermione, nodding her head slowly like she didn’t quite believe it but had to suggest it anyway.

Beside her, Millicent scoffed. “Yeah, right. If Blaise hasn’t given it up yet, no amount of begging is going to —”

“Blaise can fuck right off for all I care,” said Ron. “He isn’t doing Neville any favours by leading him on like —”

“Yes, but in the *feng shui* books I was telling you about, it said —”

“What if we ask the Wrackspurts if they could help with —”

“Anyone been to that new pizza place downtown? Ridiculous. I mean, who puts *pineapple* on —”

“Alright, everyone!” Ginny stomped her foot. “Let’s get back on topic. You,” she said, pointing a finger directly at Harry, “tell us what you’ve found out about Blaise.”

Harry blushed and glanced over at Neville sheepishly. Clearly, there had been some consorting going on behind Neville’s back. Although, he couldn’t say he was entirely surprised. Ginny did have an uncanny ability of roping people into her elaborate schemes (example: see Neville’s Seventh Year when he’d tried to steal the Sword of Gryffindor right from under Headmaster Snape’s very long nose).

“Er, right.” Harry cleared his throat. “So uhh, here’s what we know...”



Everyone had a soulmark. This was an undisputed fact.

However.

Not everyone had a soul *mate*.

Sometimes, a person’s soulmate was long dead by the time they were born, like Luna’s was, their mark appearing a washed-out grey.

Sometimes, a person had multiple soulmates, like Harry did when he finally glimpsed Draco’s mark after already dating Ron, his soulmate, for over a year and a half.

Sometimes, a person’s soulmate was themselves, 2 replicas of the same soulmark staining their skin. This had happened to Theo the minute he turned seventeen (although, he hadn’t seemed terribly disappointed by it).

And yet, sometimes...

A person didn’t have a soulmate because their soulmate didn’t want to be found.



“Alright, positions everyone. Operation Water the Dragon is a go.”

“Do we *really* have to call it —”

“*Shhhhhhhhhhh*.” Ginny slapped a hand over Neville’s mouth. “You’ll give our positions away.”

“What positions?” Neville muttered through Ginny’s fingers. “We’re sitting in the middle of the Leaky Cauldron out in the open for anyone and their grandmother to see.”

“Yes, exactly,” Ginny hissed. She glanced around the nearly empty pub. “We’re hiding in plain sight.”

“How is that hiding, then? Isn’t that just a normal night out at the bar —”

“Here he comes, here he comes!” Ginny threw up a menu, attempting to hide behind it, except her red hair was *clearly* visible over the top. Neville sighed and did the same, even though he doubted it would be any use.

And he was right.

Not even five seconds later, Blaise sauntered up to their table, his shoulders relaxed and his smile confident. “Ginevra,” he said, tipping his head, “and Neville. How lovely to see you. I didn’t realise you would be here this evening.”

“Erm,” said Neville, blushing behind his menu.

Ginny huffed. “You know I don’t like to be called that.”

“Apologies,” said Blaise, looking anything but apologetic. “What should I call you then? Genevieve?”

Ginny wrinkled her nose. “Eww, that’s even worse.”

“Or perhaps Guenivere?”

“Alright, Bellroy. You wanna take this outside?” Ginny cracked her knuckles, her red hair seeming to sizzle with the intensity of her glare.

Neville rolled his eyes. This was all part of Blaise and Ginny’s ever-confusing friendship. He didn’t think he had ever heard them call each other by their *actual* names.

This was also part of Ginny’s master plan.

Step 1. Distract the culprit (Ginny truly was doing a magnificent job while Neville was being no help whatsoever).

Step 2. Wait for the right moment for when...

Step 3.

“GAH!” Blaise stumbled back as Harry and Ron charged at him with a vat of Marilyn’s EveryDay Colouring Solution. “Salazar’s balls, WHAT THE FUCK?”

Blaise's entire [white outfit](#) soaked through with purple: his white suit jacket, his white trousers, and his white boots.

“Oops, sorry, mate. Didn’t see you there,” Ron said, Banishing the half-filled cauldron and the evidence of their scheming from view.

Harry didn’t say anything, lips pressed tight, too preoccupied with not bursting into a fit of laughter at Blaise being the same colour as the plumpest, angriest aubergine.

“What,” Blaise said through his teeth, “the hell was *that*? Why do you even have that?”

“Have what?” Ron asked innocently. Harry made a snorting sound into his palm.

“Just *why* would you even —”

“Oh my!” Ginny exclaimed loudly, a bit too loudly in Neville’s opinion, but who was Neville to judge her acting abilities. “I have some spare robes in my bag, if you’d like. It wouldn’t be a problem to let you borrow them.”

And then, before Blaise could protest, she launched herself across the table and started pulling up his shirt by the hem, Ron and Harry quickly joining in.

This might be strange, but Neville had never actually seen Blaise shirtless before. *Yes*, they were currently fucking on the side. And *yes*, they were often scantily clothed in one another's presence.

BUT!

In Neville’s defence, most of their trysts took place in club bathrooms or poorly lit back alleyways where Neville was *not* ashamed to admit he spent most of their time together with his back pressed up against the nearest wall and too preoccupied with the wicked ways of Blaise’s tongue to notice whether or not his clothes came all the way off.

“What’re you — Can you kindly not — STOP TAKING MY FUCKING CLOTHES OFF!”

Ginny, Harry, and Ron paused, Blaise’s shirt rucked up over his shoulders, his face and arms tangled in the sleeves.

Neville couldn’t help himself. It was just too tempting. He looked down at Blaise’s naked chest.

It was blank, no hint of soulmark, not even a wisp.



Neville will never forget the first time he ended up shoved against a brick wall, Blaise’s hand groping him through his trousers.

It had been a regular day in Diagon Alley, Neville on break from his shift at the apothecary. The sun had been hot; the cobblestone streets had been hotter. In essence, it was the perfect combination of factors to entice Neville down the block and around the corner to Fortescue's for a scoop of Butterbeer Ice Cream.

Spoiler: Neville did not get to eat his ice cream.

As soon as he stepped out the shop door, one of the Weasley twins knocked into him and sent him tumbling to the ground. "Sorry, Nev! Gotta dash!" Fred, maybe George, called over his shoulder, already halfway down the street.

"S'fine," Neville grumbled.

Except, it wasn't actually fine. The lovely, cool, sugary scoop of delicious ice cream he'd just bought was not in his mouth, melting on his tongue, but stuck to the front of his shirt and trickling in between the buttons. He couldn't even charm it off; some of the new azealia imports were highly sensitive to magic on his person. He had no choice but to find the nearest napkin and wipe it off the best he could.

"Need any help?" a smooth voice said.

There was Blaise Zabini in a [full gold bodysuit](#) and platform shoes, peering down at him from a nearby table with a napkin in his hand.

"Thanks," Neville said, taking the napkin and trying not to stare at how Blaise's outfit *really* hugged his curves in all the best ways. He undid the first few buttons on his shirt and dabbed at the melting mess. Soon, he realised the ice cream had trickled down farther than he'd thought, and popped a few more buttons.

Blaise cleared his throat. "So," he said, "you come here often?"

Neville looked up in time to see Blaise take a long, lascivious lick of his own ice cream, curling his tongue until it reached the roof of his mouth and practically fellating the cone in the middle of Diagon Alley on a Tuesday afternoon.

"Erm," said Neville, his eyes going wide. He was starting to sweat, and it was not going to mix well with all that stickiness on his chest.

Blaise uncrossed his legs and rose from his seat, Neville quickly scrambling up to join him. And, wow, was he tall. Neville wasn't short by any means, not since his growth spurt in Fifth Year, but Blaise had a good few inches on him.

Ahh, must be the platform shoes.

"Well?" said Blaise and started sauntering down the street. There really wasn't any other way to describe it. The way his hips moved, the confidence in each step. He turned back to Neville, one eyebrow raised. "You coming, baby?"

Neville's answer had been a definite "*yes, fuck, Blaise, yes*" ten minutes later when he found himself pressed up against a wall in a secluded alley, Blaise's large hand palming his dick,

Blaise's cool lips trailing down his chest and licking up the last remains of Neville's poor ice cream cone.



“Okay, Nev. Remember the plan.” Ginny placed a hand on Neville's shoulder and steered him towards the punch bowl set up in the corner of Astoria's spacious backyard, the perfect place for a summer afternoon soiree. She ladled a healthy amount of Pimm's into his cup.

“Can't we just — I don't know, but I really don't think we should —”

“No,” Ginny said sharply, “we are seeing this through. You *need* this, Nev. It'll eat you alive if you don't find out.”

And, well, it wasn't like Neville could deny it. He already had a hard time sleeping at night. This was just the icing on the cake. He would often gasp awake, the phantom feeling of Blaise's hand on his cock, the whisper of Blaise's sultry voice in his ear. If he didn't figure this thing with Blaise out soon, Neville might die from sexual frustration, if nothing else.

They were on to Plan B now. Over 90% of the population, Neville included, had their soulmark directly over their heart, a black tattoo permanently inked into their skin starting from their seventeenth birthday. And apparently, Blaise was *not* part of that 90% which meant his soulmark was somewhere *else* on that gorgeous body of his.

There were two other places they could check...

“It'll be fine,” said Ginny, vigorously patting him on the back. “Just you wait and see.” She winked and walked away, leaving Neville in a growing state of nervousness.

“Ginny giving you a hard time?” Blaise sidled up to him. He was wearing a [long plaid skirt](#) and a loose jacket rolled up to the elbows. Neville had no trouble imagining the contoured shape of his forearms and veiny wrists. His eyes were lined with shimmering blue eyeshadow and something Ginny had called a ‘cat eye,’ whatever that meant.

“Oh, so you do know her real name?” said Neville. He was afraid to look at Blaise directly, not wanting to give the game away. He knew he had a terrible poker face; Ron told him all the time when they played chess together.

“You're deflecting.” Blaise looked at him, sipped his strawberry daiquiri, and waited.

Neville shifted nervously. “Erm, I'm not.”

“You are.”

Blaise was still looking at him, his dark gaze boring into the side of Neville's head. “Fine,” he said eventually, taking another sip of his drink. “You don't have to tell me, but if something's bothering you, I'd like to know.”

Neville felt cool fingertips graze his cheek, his head being tilted to the side. “I'm worried about you, baby.” A low murmur brushed right against his lips.

“I’m, erm...”

“Tell me, baby. What’s wrong?” Blaise traced his jaw, and Neville sighed.

“Alright, everyone, let’s go!” Ginny’s voice whipped across the yard, Blaise’s fingers falling from Neville’s face and leaving him strangely disappointed. “We’re gonna get started. Grab a partner and line up!”

“Erm,” said Neville, finally daring to look at Blaise. “Did you want to be partners?”

Blaise gave him a searching look. “Sure,” he said, voice neutral.

“Alright, good... Yeah, let’s um...”

Blaise took his hand and led him across the yard.

The three-legged race went exactly as Neville predicted. Draco and Harry, being the competitive bastards that they were, charged down the grass and made it to the finish line in record time. Millicent ended up carrying Hermione, hopping down the course on one leg, and *still* managed to get second place. Theo and Luna moonwalked in the wrong direction and seemed unaware that they were supposed to be racing at all. And Ron and Astoria were busy squabbling over the punch bowl and missed the starting whistle.

Neville knew this had been the plan, and yet, he was still inordinately surprised to find himself sprawled across the grass, his right ankle tied to Blaise’s left, Blaise practically on top of him as he groaned in Neville’s ear. He and Blaise had taken one wobbly step and promptly fallen over. Neville was quite certain Ginny’s Tripping Jinx hadn’t needed to be *that* strong.

“Oof,” said Blaise, rolling off Neville and rubbing his left ankle. “Are you alright?”

“Yes.” Neville winced and rolled his shoulder. “Are you?”

“Fine,” said Blaise, “but my ankle feels a touch sore.”

“Ankle?” Draco’s head popped up from across the yard like a dog with a bell. “Did someone say their ankle was hurting? Because I’ve just read about this wonderful massage technique that I’ve been dying to try.”

“There’s no need,” Blaise said a bit louder.

Draco scurried over to them, one leg still attached to an amused Harry. “Luna!” he called, bending down to examine Blaise’s ankle. “Get my suction cups from my bag, would you?”

“You’re going to suck what, exactly? The sprain from my ankle?”

“No, no, no,” Draco scolded impatiently. “The cups are for your back.” He was already reaching down Blaise’s shirt, mapping out small circles on Blaise’s back and measuring them with his thumb.

“Then what about my ankle?”

Draco tsked and flipped Blaise over, taking Neville with him. “Yes, that’s all part of it.” He reached beneath Blaise’s skirt and grabbed the afflicted ankle. Blaise gave a hiss of pain.

“Stay still,” Draco ordered.

Carefully, slowly, he untied the rope, tore off Blaise’s heavy boot, and shimmied down a Pygmy Puff-themed sock. Neville held his breath as the inside of Blaise’s left ankle came into view. This was the whole point of the entire painful afternoon — the soiree in Astoria’s yard, the three-legged race, Ginny’s Tripping Jinx. It all culminated in this one ever-encompassing moment.

Draco’s brow furrowed, and he glanced at Neville, giving a minute shake of his head.

Blaise’s ankle was bare, not a soulmark in sight.



So, technically, Theo had been right.

The most straight-forward way to find out someone’s soulmark was, indeed, to simply ask them about it. A polite, “Hey, so I was wondering if you could show me your soulmark,” or the more traditional, “I bear my soul to you; will you do me the honour of bearing me yours?” at the beginning of a formal courtship period, or even the more lewd option, “I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

And Neville *had* tried asking Blaise.

Sorta...

Kinda...

They had been sleeping together for a full ten days when Neville first brought up the topic.

“Err, so, your soulmark...” Neville began nervously.

“Hmm?” Blaise was resting his head on Neville’s shoulder, pleasantly relaxed after their recent escapades in the cramped club bathroom.

“So, your soulmark... I don’t know if I...”

“Don’t worry about it, baby.” He pressed a kiss to Neville’s temple. “We’ll take it as slow as you want.”

Which was not what Neville had expected him to say, so he took a couple moments longer to respond, “No, I mean, I haven’t seen your —”

“Jesus, fuck, it’s hot in there.” A disjointed voice bled through the stall door, new occupants entering the bathroom. His moment of alone time with Blaise was up.

“Meet you back at the booth,” Blaise said, tilting up to whisper in Neville’s ear. He gave it a light nip, and Neville shivered. Winking, he pulled up the straps on his [overalls](#), the ones with fake flames dancing around the bottom hem, and sauntered out of the bathroom stall.

When Neville emerged back into the club lounge five minutes later, breath and blushing cheeks back under control, Blaise toasted him from across the table and turned back to his conversation with Theo.

Neville never brought up the topic again.



By this point, Neville was getting pretty desperate. If only Blaise would stop touching him like that, looking at him like that. It was like he was *trying* to drive Neville mad.

Neville had been in casual relationships before, and they were never this difficult or confusing. Case in point, he and Theo had been friends with benefits for a good six months when Theo had decided that although sex was fun, he would rather not be having it — not just with Neville but at all. That had been all fine with Neville. He and Theo had maintained a perfectly healthy, normal, non-confusing, friendship before, during, and after their fuck buddy period.

There was also that one time he and Draco had gotten high off shrooms from Neville’s greenhouse and ended up snogging in Harry’s bed. At which Harry had been endlessly amused when he walked in on them and even called Ron to join in. If Neville could manage *that*, 3 casual hook-ups *at the same time*, everything else should be a walk in the park.

So, *why* were things so difficult with Blaise?

Maybe, it was the way Blaise called him *baby* in that deep voice, dripping with fondness and sinful promise. Perhaps, it was the way he always seemed to seek Neville out at their weekly friendly gatherings, pulling him aside, sometimes to fuck, other times just to talk with their bodies pressed so close together Neville swore he could feel the blood pulsing just under Blaise’s skin.

Probably, it was because Neville was an idiot who couldn’t tell the difference between Blaise being a caring friend and Blaise being... *interested*?

No, that couldn’t be. Blaise wouldn’t be interested in Neville, not like *that*.

Which was why Neville needed to find out ASAP what Blaise’s soulmark was. The sooner he found out and realised it wasn’t a match to his own basil leaf tattoo, the sooner Neville could squash these creeping feelings and go back to thinking about Blaise as just a friend — a really good friend who checked up on Neville when he was sad and happened to blow him in the loo when he was happy.

Neville needed to *know*, and he needed to know *now*.

“Plan C,” Ginny said, slamming her fist down on Luna’s corkscrew coffee table. “This is your last chance, Nev. If this is a bust, then I don’t know what you’re going to do. I mean, well, we could always...” She paused, nibbling at her bottom lip and resting her broom against the armrest.

Ginny had gone as Gwenog Jones to Luna’s annual Winter Solstice costume party. Neville didn’t think that counted as a real costume, seeing as she was *already a professional Quidditch player*, and had only Transfigured the number on her uniform to ‘make’ her outfit.

Neville, on the other hand, had gone as Newt Scamander, the famed Magizoologist. It had taken him forever to find the correct blue trench coat and briefcase to carry around for the evening. The bowtruckle currently sleeping in his pocket had come willingly enough from his greenhouse when he had asked it to accompany him.

“Whatever you’re thinking,” said Neville, “we’re not going to need it.” He took a sip from his cup and winced. Too much vodka, not enough lime.

“Look, Nev,” Ginny said seriously. “We’ve already checked his chest and his ankle. The last place... only 0.0001% of people have their soulmark located there. What if it’s not there, then what?”

“0.0001% of people in Great Britain is still six thousand people. He could be one of them.”

“But what if he’s not?”

If they checked the third location and Blaise *didn’t* have a soulmark there, that left only one option: Blaise had gotten it removed and broken his connection to his soulmate.

It was possible, it was painful, and it was only done in the direst of circumstances. Even regular people who never found their soulmate kept their soulmarks. Being reminded of a lost connection was still preferable to going through the pain, the utter agony, of having one’s soulmark removed. It was akin to ripping out part of one’s very soul.

The only people rumoured to have done this in recent history were Albus Dumbledore during Grindelwald’s downfall, Lord Voldemort when he made his first Horcrux, and Celestina Warbeck after the divorce of her fourth husband — though, Neville was unsure if that last example was indeed true.

“No,” said Neville, shaking his head. “No, Blaise wouldn’t do that.” He took a large gulp from his cup, his hands shaking.

“Are you sure?”

“He *wouldn’t*.”

“Yes, but you know how his mother is...”

Yes, Neville knew how Blaise’s mother was, having such a generic soulmark that she flitted between potential soulmates at the rate that Neville took to decide how many sugars to add to his coffee in the mornings.

If Blaise's soulmark was like that... but Blaise wouldn't.

Would he?

"I need another drink," said Neville, chugging the rest of his cup and trying not to wince at the burn. Ginny gave his arm a light squeeze as he passed her on the way to Luna's makeshift bar.

It was approximately three and a half drinks later that Blaise finally appeared at Luna's party. As usual, he was very late and also very fashionable. He was wearing a [metallic pink outfit](#) that seemed to be inspired by an audacious space alien cowboy combination. His crop top was short, his skirt was even shorter, and Neville couldn't tear his gaze away. His legs in that little pink pleated skirt were so, just so... *oh god*, Neville needed another drink.

"So, is it Truth or Dare time now?" Theo's voice drawled from over by the floating hydrangeas. He raised a meaningful eyebrow in Neville's direction.

Right... right. *Plan C*. They still needed to complete the plan. It was all useless if they couldn't complete the plan tonight.

Neville downed the rest of his drink and went to sit across from Theo on the sofa. Hermione shifted to make room for him, giving him a comforting nudge with her shoulder.

When Blaise saw him squished in between Millicent and Hermione, he gave Neville an odd look before sliding into the space Astoria was patting. Astoria winked to Neville across the circle. He was already starting to sweat; this was not going to go well.

"Alright, I'll start," said Theo. He turned his body toward Blaise. "Truth or dare?"

Blaise wasn't the type to roll his eyes — he thought it was too plebeian — but he did pointedly raise his glass to his lips and ignore Theo's question.

"Hey, now," Theo continued, undeterred. "Truth... or dare?"

"Don't you already know all my secrets by now? What more is there to know?"

"Not all of them!" Ginny shouted, and Blaise threw her a patronising glare.

"So, which will it be?" Neville had to give Theo *some* credit. He was persistent if nothing else.

Blaise sighed, heavy and resigned. "Let's do Dare, then. Might as well have some fun if you insist on continuing with this."

"Excellent choice. I dare you..." Theo paused, grinning. "...to get a tongue piercing."

The entire room collectively held their breath. Even the bowtruckle in Neville's pocket seemed to go still.

Neville waited for Blaise's answer.

“No, absolutely not,” Blaise responded stiffly. He took another sip from his drink, refusing to meet anyone’s questioning gaze.

“Aww, come on.” Theo was either oblivious or purposely ignoring the tension seeping into the room. “A dare’s a dare. You said you’d do it, so now you have to —”

“I am not piercing my tongue,” Blaise said plainly. He met Neville’s eyes across the circle, dark gaze boring into Neville’s very soul. “Baby, back me up here.”

“Err, well, I...”

“Baby,” Blaise said slowly, brow pinching together. “Did you... Did you want me to do it?”

Neville was full-on sweating now. There were going to be pit stains in his new coat. “I, uhh, don’t see why not.” He shrugged, hoping to come off as nonchalant and not vibrating with nerves like he actually was.

“I see.” Blaise looked away, eyes flashing with some unnamed emotion. To Neville, it almost looked like disappointment. No, it was stronger than that.

It looked like *devastation*.

Theo glanced between them. “Well, that settles it, then. Blaise, it looks like you’ll have to —”

“No.” Blaise reached across Astoria, retrieving his pink cowboy hat, and stood. “If you’ll excuse me...”

And with that, he was gone, walked right out of Luna’s front door and Disapparated with a pop.

“Oh dear,” murmured Hermione, twirling a lock of her hair.

“That didn’t go well at all,” Ginny intoned.

“I think you should go after him.” Luna tapped Neville on the shoulder, pressing a miniature basil plant into his hand. “He forgot to take this with him. Please make sure he gets it.”

Neville was stunned. Why had Blaise looked so upset? He hadn’t said anything that upsetting, had he? They hadn’t even gotten to the *real* part of the plan.

“Neville?” Luna called, pale face swimming into view.

“Right... erm, right. I’ll just... um, thank you, Luna.” Neville took the plant and quickly retrieved his briefcase from the kitchen. He would go to Blaise and apologise for upsetting him, even if he didn’t know what exactly was upsetting him.

And, maybe, he would figure this soulmark business out once and for all.

“Blaise!” Neville knocked again on Blaise’s front door. He lived in a posh Muggle building that had a gazillion floors. Neville didn’t visit very often, as indicated by the doorman giving him a nasty side-eye up until the doors to the lift had slid closed.

“Blaise, please! I need to... I just want to talk to you.” Neville let his forehead thunk against the cold wood.

Maybe Blaise wasn’t home.

Maybe Blaise didn’t want to talk to him.

Maybe Neville had ruined everything.

The door swung open, and Neville nearly toppled forward, but caught himself on the frame just in time.

Standing before him was Blaise, stripped down to nothing but his short metallic pink skirt — his chest bare, his ankles bare — holding a pipe between 2 long fingers.

Neville swallowed, his mouth suddenly going dry.

“Neville,” he said, blowing a cloud of scented smoke right into Neville’s face. “What do you want?”

“Erm, I... Can I come in?”

For a moment Blaise didn’t move, merely looked at Neville, the whites of his eyes slightly red. Then, he turned around and walked into his flat, leaving the door cracked open as if daring Neville to follow.

Blaise settled at the table, setting his pipe down and continuing with whatever he had been doing before Neville had interrupted him. Neville hovered on the edge of the living room, unsure of his welcome but also refusing to back down now that he had come this far.

He remembered the basil plant from Luna that he was still carrying and gently placed it on the table between them. Blaise gave it a distasteful glance before asking, his voice not at all friendly, “Why are you here?”

“Because you were upset, and I... wanted to see you.”

“Did you, now?” Blaise added some dried herbs to a little round metal contraption. “I didn’t think you would care one way or the other.”

Neville was confused. “Why wouldn’t I care? We’re...” He trailed off, frowning.

Fuck buddies sounded too plain. *Friends with benefits* was closer but still didn’t encompass what he and Blaise had. *Boyfriends* wasn’t quite right either, though.

“Yes, Neville,” said Blaise, turning the top of the metal contraption with a vicious twist of his wrist. “Please inform me, what exactly *are* we? Because you’re giving me an awful lot of

mixed messages.” This was the most Blaise had called Neville by his real name instead of his usual endearments.

Neville found he didn’t like it.

“*I’m* giving you mixed messages?” he spluttered, astounded. “*You’re* the one giving mixed messages here.”

Blaise ground the herbs even harder. “What do you mean? No, I’m not. I’ve been perfectly clear from the beginning. It’s *you* who is confusing *me*. If you didn’t want to form the soulbond, you could have just told me. Instead, you had to go through whatever that whole charade with Theo was. I’m sure Theo thought it was a good laugh —”

“Soulbond? *What* soulbond!?” Neville started pacing across Blaise’s expensive wool carpet. “How can you even talk about soulbonds? That’s for — only soulmates talk about soulbonds and I — I don’t even know what your soulmark looks like!” he yelled finally.

Blaise paused, the grinder coming to a halt. “You... you don’t know what my...”

“Yeah,” said Neville. He was sweating again. Oh god, was he sweating again.

“But...” said Blaise, his forehead scrunching. “But I thought you... so when you... and so you...”

He burst out laughing, head thrown back, long line of his neck stretched taut. The pipe fell to the floor; the herbs were swept from the table. Blaise reached for him, pulling Neville down onto his lap — his scantily clad metallic pink lap.

“Baby,” Blaise cooed, stroking a tender thumb across Neville’s blushing cheekbone. “Baby, you should have said something. You could have just asked me.”

“I... did.” Neville felt like he was missing something, something important. “But you said we’d take it slow, whatever that meant.”

Blaise smiled, soft and warm and amused. “I did, didn’t I?” He shifted Neville around until they were face to face, Blaise’s ridiculously long eyelashes only a few inches away. He reached for Neville’s hand and gave it a squeeze. “Let me show you,” he said earnestly.

“Yes, I... yes,” said Neville because what else was he supposed to say? This was all he ever wanted, really.

Slowly, carefully, a pink tongue peeked out of Blaise’s mouth and licked his bottom lip. Oh, so his soulmark was... *oh*. Neville watched, entranced, as Blaise tilted his head up and curled his tongue.

On the bottom of Blaise’s tongue was a mark — small and black, permanently tattooed into the supple flesh.

It was a [basil leaf](#).

The perfect match for Neville's own mark, the one right over his heart.

"I thought you already knew," said Blaise, curling his tongue back inside. "That's why I thought you liked it when I used my tongue..."

Well, yeah. Neville *did* like it when Blaise used his tongue, especially when it was swirling around the tip of Neville's cock. He usually liked it *too* much, so much that he —

"I usually close my eyes." Neville ducked his head into Blaise's shoulder, his cheeks aflame.

"You... close your eyes?"

"If I watch, I come too quickly."

"Oh," said Blaise.

There was no backing out now. Neville was just going to have to deal with the preposterous situation he'd managed to get himself in. But then, a thought hit him, and he pulled back to look at his soulmate (*Merlin's beard! He had a soulmate!*). "Wait, but if you thought I — Did you know this whole time?"

Blaise shrugged. Neville watched the way his muscled chest moved. "Do you remember that first time?" Blaise asked, trailing a finger down Neville's arm.

"Of course."

"When you had that mishap with the ice cream cone..."

"Well, yes-s-s." Blaise trailed his finger lower, across Neville's side.

"How your poor shirt was ruined..."

"Yeah... right, yeah, shirt." *Focus, Neville, focus!*

"And you started undoing the buttons right then, right there. I swear you were trying to show your soulmark to the entirety of Diagon Alley."

"When I... when I..." Neville was becoming a bit breathless now, Blaise's fingers skimming along his hip and sliding beneath his shirt.

"So, I tried to show you mine..." Blaise's fingers were now tracing a pattern directly over his heart, the pattern of Neville's basil leaf soulmark. "But I guess you didn't notice."

"You — you — you did what? When?"

Blaise mimed holding an ice cream cone in his hand. And yes, Neville clearly remembered that. When Blaise had felled his ice cream in the middle of Diagon Alley. When his lascivious licking had given Neville *ideas* even before he knew exactly what those ideas were. When his bright pink tongue had curled up until...

Neville was an idiot. There was no other way around it.

“I am such an idiot,” Neville groaned, closing his eyes and wishing he would never have to open them again.

“Shhh, baby, it’s alright.”

Blaise stroked his head, calmly, gently. Neville relaxed into his touch, feeling more content than even after he had killed Voldemort’s snake or taken a hit from Blaise’s pipe.

“So, what happens now?”

“Now” — Blaise gripped his chin, tilting Neville’s head toward his, and whispered in his ear — “I take you to bed. A *proper* bed, this time.”

“Erm... yeah, let’s... that sounds —”

Neville never got to say exactly what that sounded like because Blaise pushed him off his lap with record speed, grabbed him by the lapels of his blue trench coat, and dragged him to the bedroom.

When Neville came later, it was to Blaise’s tongue flicking across the tip of his cock, Neville watching through heavy-lidded eyes — watching his soulmate, his soulmark on the bottom of Blaise’s tongue.

“*Baby,*” Blaise purred, and Neville came with a groan.



End Notes

Neville and Blaise's soulmark tattoo is a basil leaf because of Neville's fondness for plants and Blaise's Italian heritage. Thanks for reading! 🍷

💕 This work is part of **HP Soulmates Fest**, an anon prompt-based HP fest celebrating all things soulmates and soulbonds! Our creators have been hard at work and will be revealed in September 2022. Leave a kudos or comment to show them your love!

💕 For more wonderful soulmates content, follow our [fest tumblr](#) or check out our [collection on AO3](#)!

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